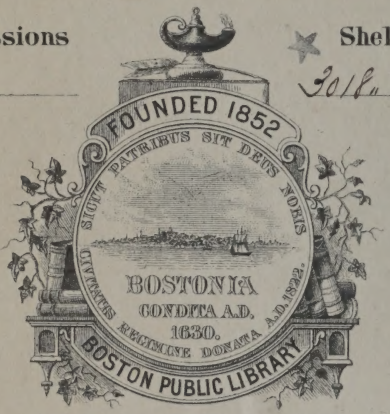
Accessions

Shelf No.

3018.110



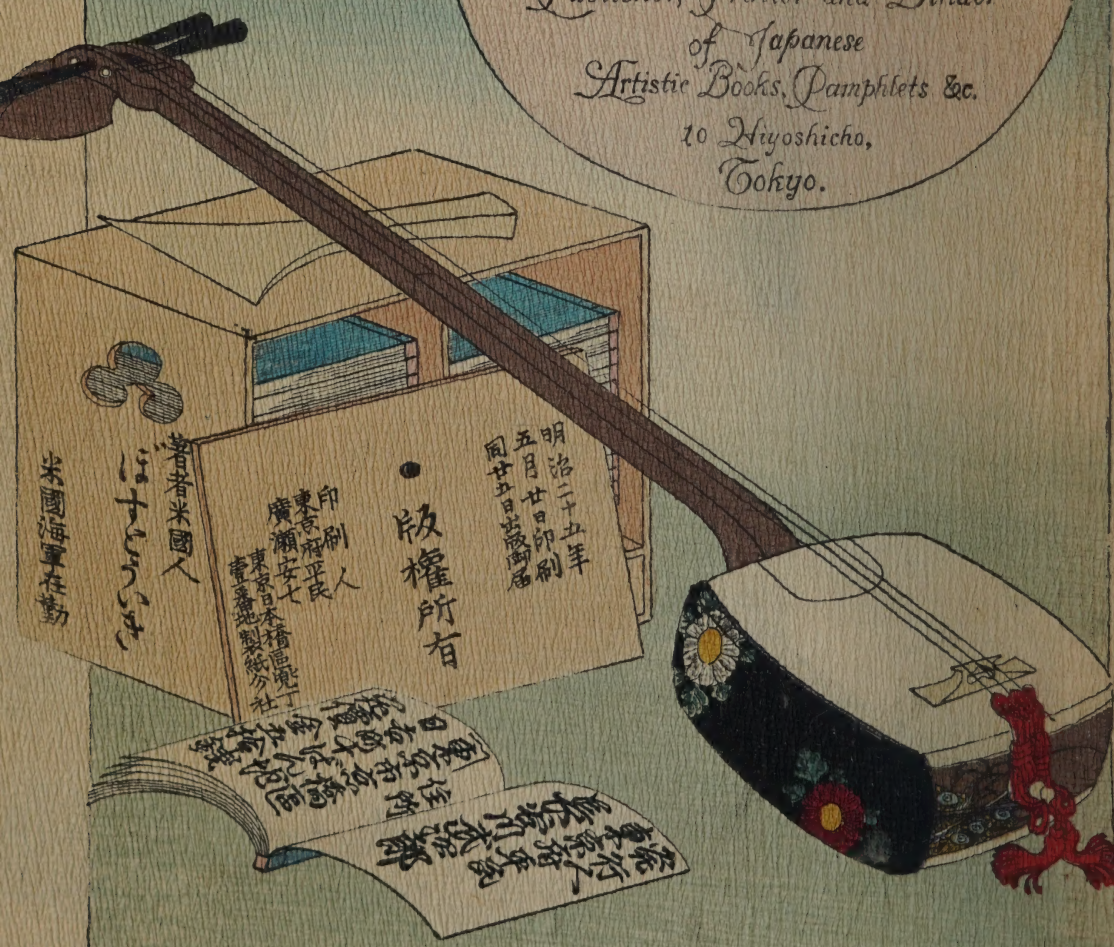
Received April 21, 1892.

Heliotype Printing Co.

KOHANA SAN
小花三
つのくにのうたひめ
小花をよめるなりうた
T. HASEGAWA, TOKYO.
KELLY & WALSH, LTD. YOKOHAMA.
TOKYO.
1892.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

T. Hasegawa,
Publisher, Printer and Binder
of Japanese
Artistic Books, Pamphlets &c.
10 Hiyoshicho,
Tokyo.



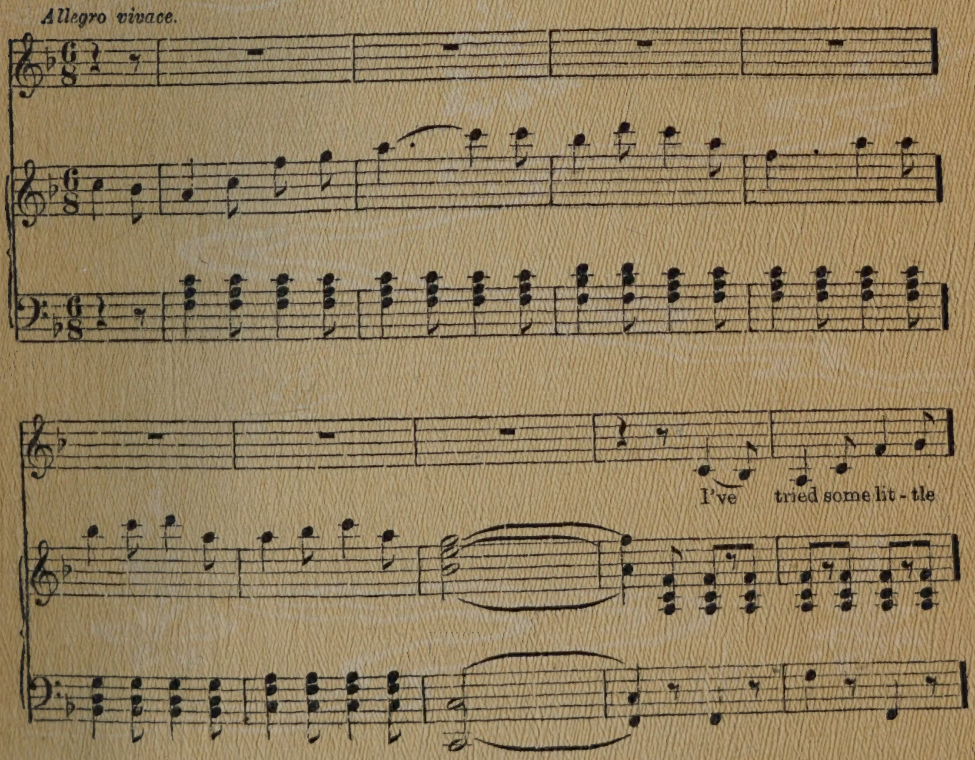
Kohamasan's Samisen

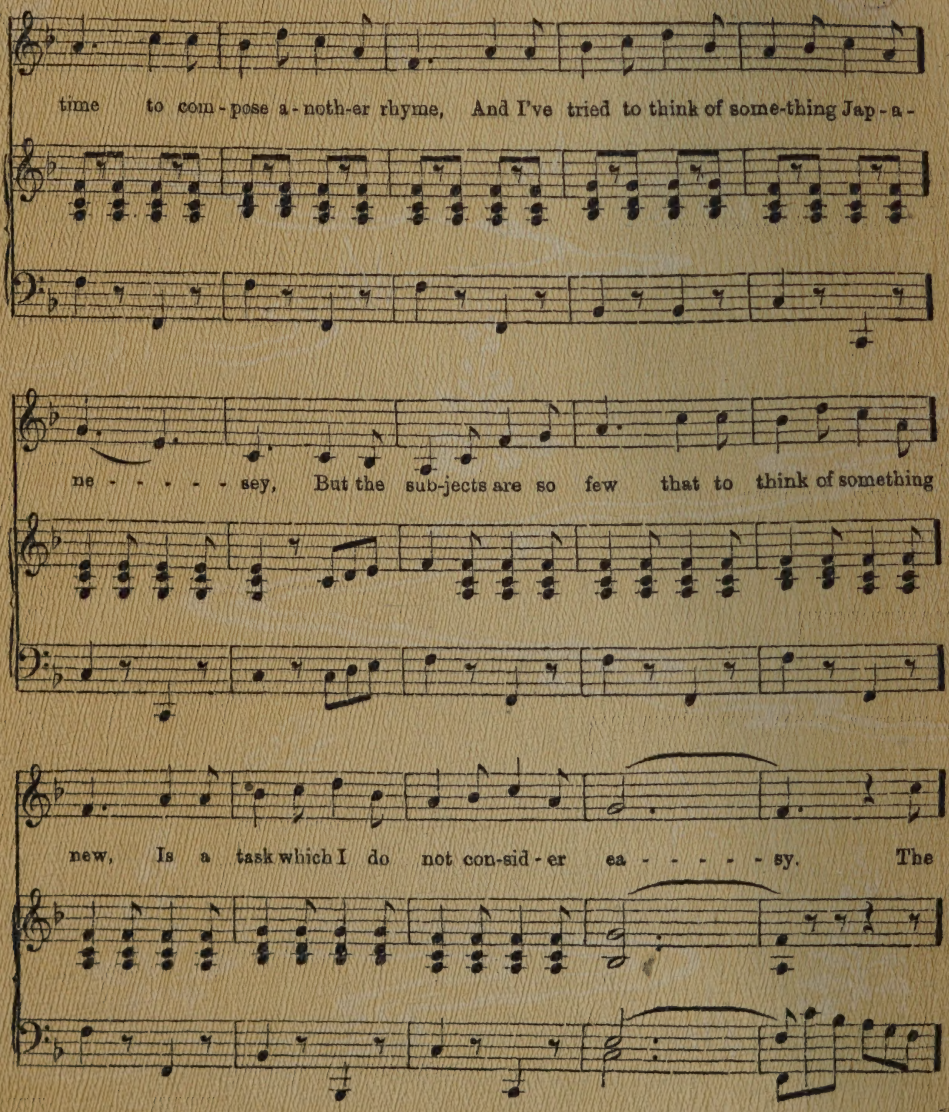
B. H.
Nov. 21. 1892
B.
* 30 18 110

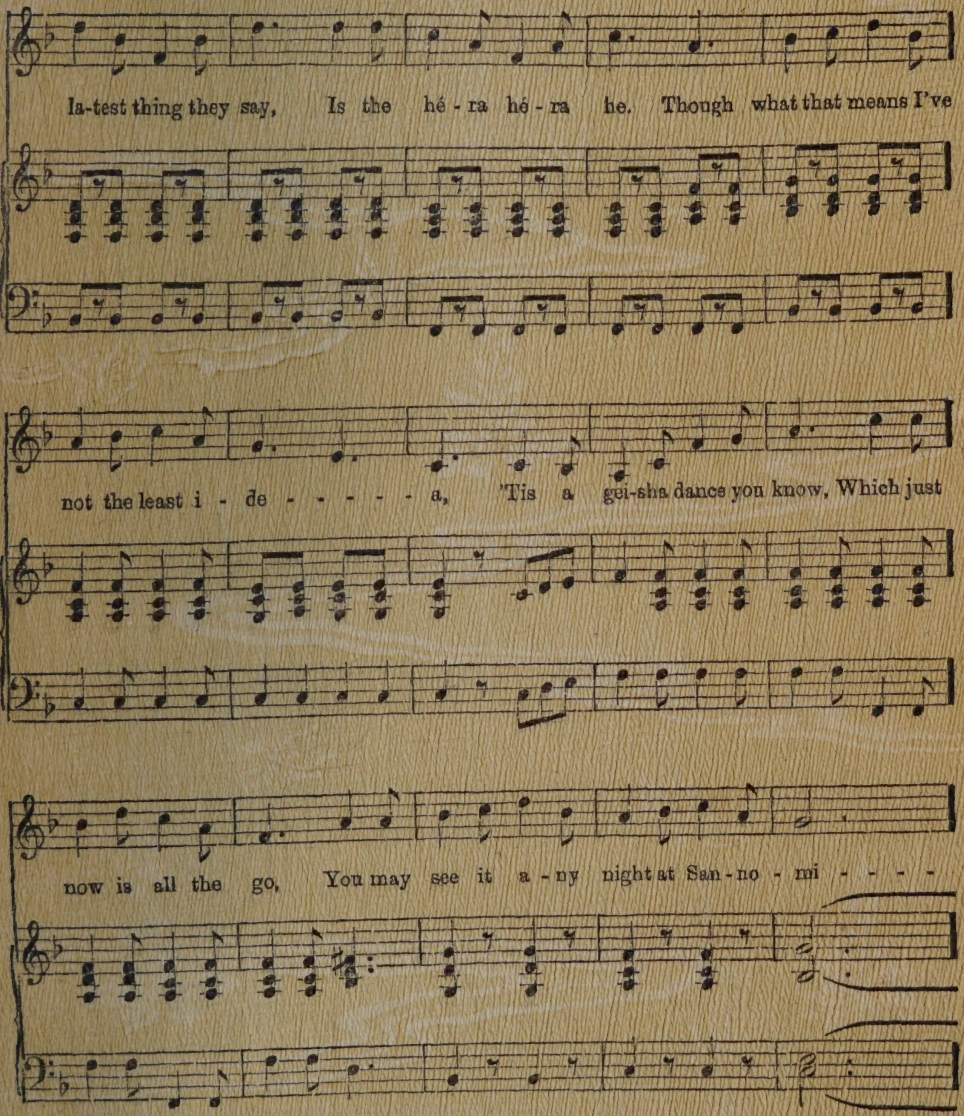
KOHANA SAN.

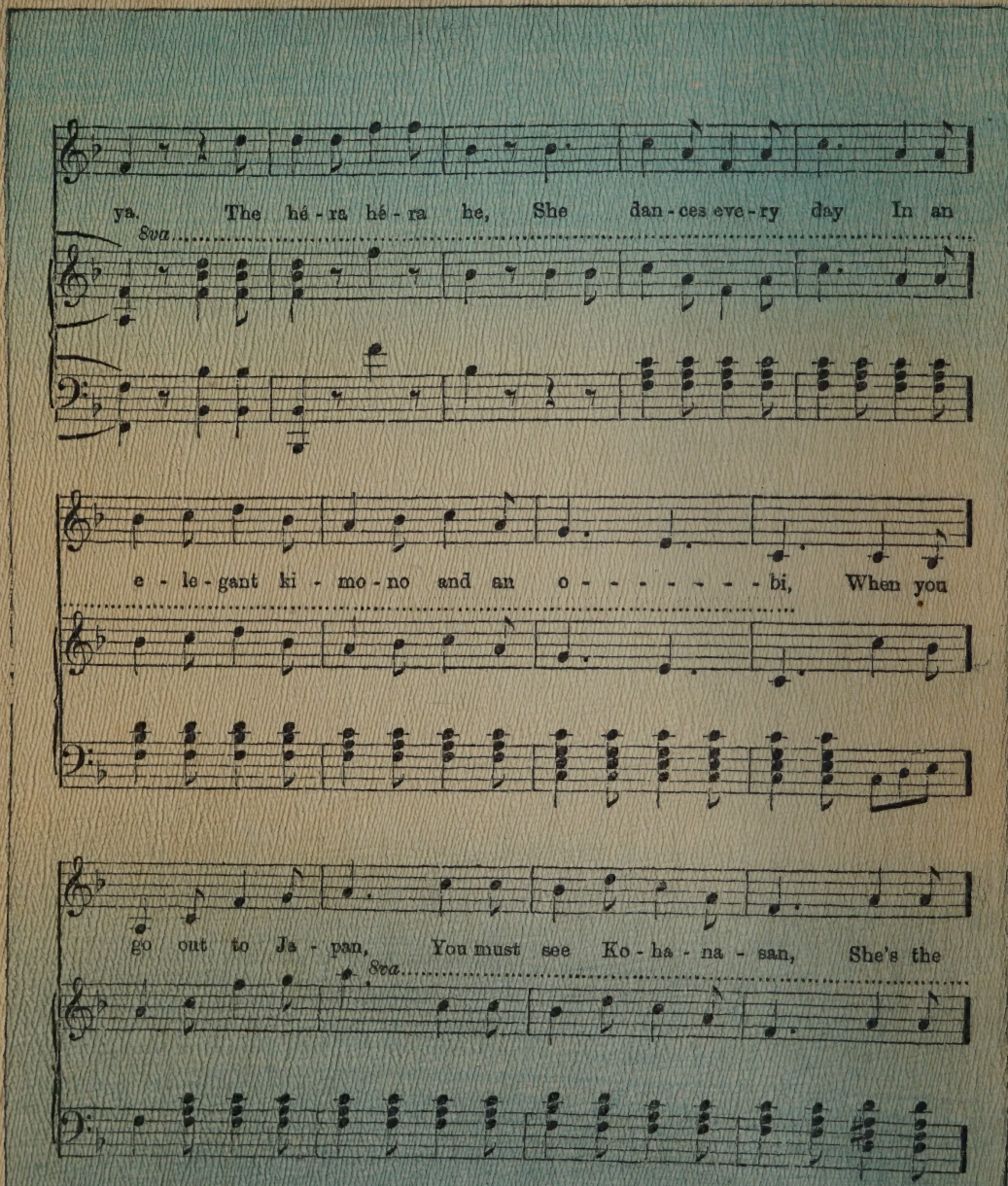
WRITTEN BY LIEUTENANT F. M. BOSTWICK, U. S. NAVY, AND SUNG TO THE AIR OF

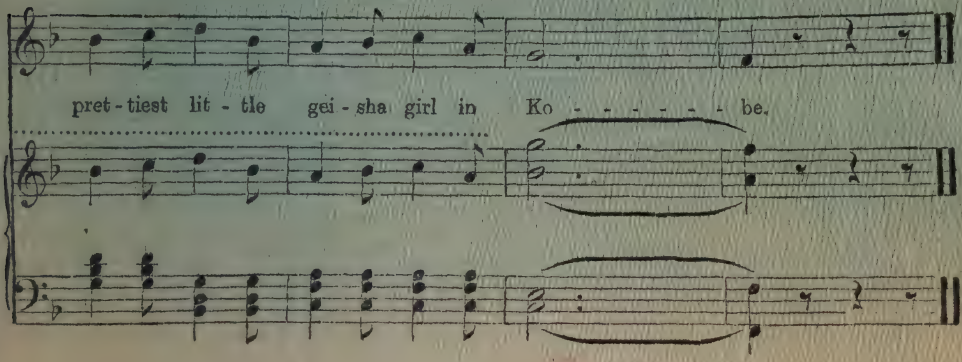
"BALLYHOOLY."




time to com-pose a-noth-er rhyme, And I've tried to think of some-thing Jap-a-
ne - - - - - sey, But the sub-jects are so few that to think of something
new, Is a task which I do not con-sid-er ea - - - - - sy. The


la-test thing they say, Is the hé - ra hé - ra he. Though what that means I've
not the least i - de - - - - - a, 'Tis a gei-sha dance you know, Which just
now is all the go, You may see it a - ny night at San - no - mi - - - -


ya. The hé-ra hé-ra he, She dan-ces eve-ry day In an
8va
e-le-gant ki-mo-no and an o-------bi, When you
go out to Ja-pan, You must see Ko-ha-na-san, She's the
8va


pret - tiest lit - tle gei - sha girl in Ko - - - - - - be.

I.

I've tried some little time
To compose another rhyme,
And I've tried to think of something Japanesey;
But the subjects are so few,
That to think of something new
Is a task which I do not consider easy.
The latest thing, they say,
Is the "Hera héra hé,"
Though what that means I've not the least idea;
'Tis a geisha dance, you know,
Which just now is all the go,
You may see it every night at San-no-Miya.

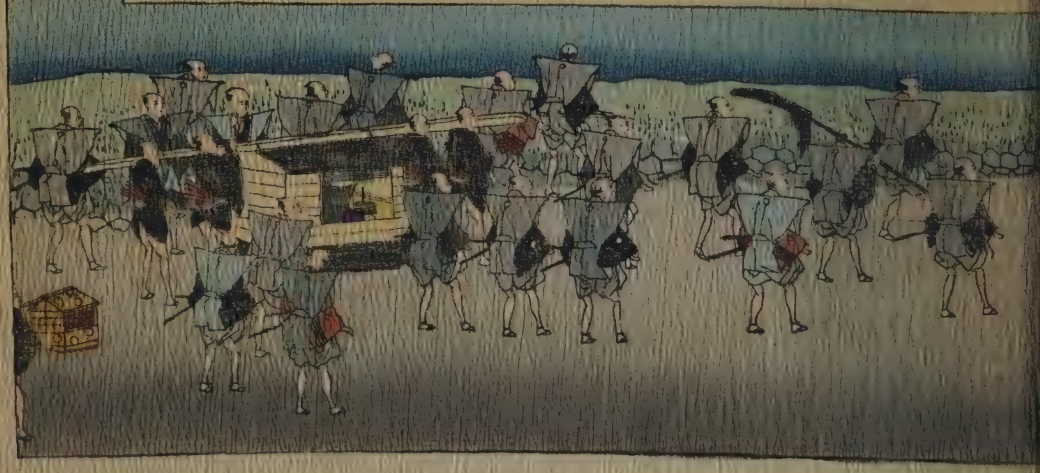
CHORUS:

The "Héra héra hé"
She dances every day
In an elegant kimono and an obi;
If you go out to Japan,
You must see Kohana san
She's the prettiest little geisha girl in Kobe.

II.

In the days of old Japan
And the Tokugawa clan,
Her relatives had titles by the dozens;
Her uncles, I am told,
Were samurai bold,
And the "Forty-seven Ronins" were her cousins.
Her father, don't you know,
Used to be a daimio
Some time before the advent of the foreigner,
But he fought the "Mik-ka-doo,"
So they ran him through and through,
Which made of him a subject for the coroner.

CHORUS:—The "Héra héra hé," &c., &c.



III.

She's powdered front and back,
Her eyebrows painted black,
A style considered highly ornamental;
Her tiny under lip
Is reddened at the tip,
A fashion that is strictly Oriental.
Her hair is stiffly oiled
And wonderfully coiled
In a manner that would drive a coiffeur crazy;
Her form, divinely shaped,
Is magnificently draped,—
Makoto ni! Kohana san's a daisy.

CHORUS:—The "Héra héra hé," &c., &c.

IV.

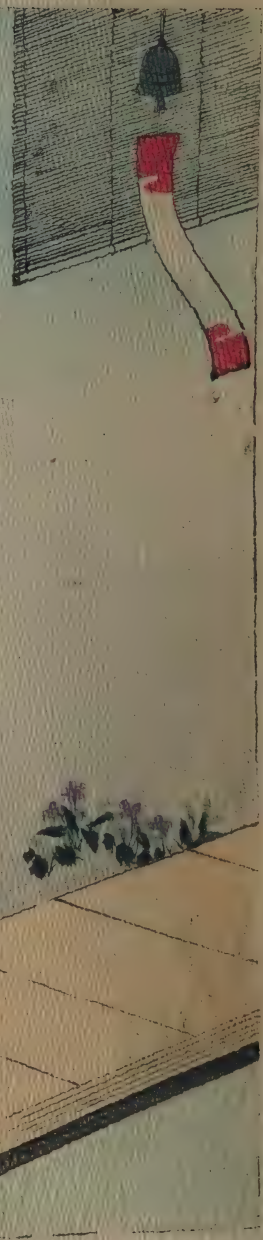
The samisens begin,
And then a horrid din
Of drums and gongs that's really most alarming;
Kohana san comes out
And softly glides about,
Her movements have a grace that's simply charming;
She twirls her little fan
As geishas only can,
Which means, of course, she does it to perfection;
She then assumes a pose
To show her pretty clothes,
Like-wise her dainty figure and complexion.

CHORUS:—The "Héra héra hé," &c., &c.

V.

She gazes at the ground
As her body sways around,
Quite innocent and modest her demeanor;
She tries to look so shy
But the twinkle in her eye
Is a "give-away" to any one who's seen her.
The side long glance she throws
As she turns upon her toes,
Has an import that is quite beyond expla'n'ng;
And about her lips the while
Lurks the shadow of a smile,
She is altogether highly entertaining.

CHORUS:—The "Héra héra hé," &c., &c.



VI.

The Nautch girls I have seen,
And Kiralfy's fairy queen;
I've seen the Hula girls in Honolulu;
Circassian dancers, too,
Zamacuecas in Peru,
The Kaffir dance, the Hottentot, and Zulu.
All qualities and shades
Of pretty dancing maids,
I've seen in Europe, Africa and Asia;
But she who takes the bun
From each and every one
Is Kohana san, the little Kobe geisha.

CHORUS:

The "Héra héra hé"
She dances every day
In an elegant kimono and an obi;
If you go out to Japan,
You must see Kohana san
She's the prettiest little geisha girl in Kobe.